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ters have genius for composing music or poetry, so also but few will develop a talent for architecture.

But there are other considerations, higher, more noble, more inspiring, than any relations of time or of this world, to which all of these are subsidiary and subservient. A peasant selected by his king to serve in the royal palace is little annoyed by the meagre life of his humble cottage, but his heart is full of the dignity of his new office, and he gives himself up to preparation to appear properly before his monarch and to there perform the duties of his office acceptably. Pilgrims to a land

"Whose glories shine, so bright, no mortal eye can bear the sight,"

where we "shall see the king in his beauty," and serve around his throne, the circumstances of our life here below are of small consideration in comparison to the glories we shall see when "mortality puts on immortality," and we shall have entered upon the happiness and the occupations of our eternal existence.

Enoch, Paul, Luther, Wesley, and Edwards entered doubtless immediately upon a higher state of life in heaven than the thief on the cross, or any other person who repented at the eleventh hour. The highly cultivated or deeply learned Christian philosopher or scientist, as Isaac Newton, Thomas Dick, or Bishop Berkeley, will enter upon a higher state of spiritual existence than should they die in infancy, or with dwarfed intellects. So the Christian artist, as Giotto, Fra Angelico, Milton, Handel, or Mozart, is more prepared to appreciate the music of the heavenly hosts, the beauty and the glory of the new Jerusalem, than should he die in infancy, or should his sensibilities be obtuse or uncultivated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MENDELSSOHN'S REFORMATION SYMPHONY.

That those who have the trust of Mendelssohn's unpublished works should at length be inclined to admit, and act upon the admission, that whatever Mendelssohn wrote must be interesting to the followers and admirers of the art of which he was one of the most conspicuous ornaments, is consolatory. Better late than never. Mendelssohn died on the 4th of November, 1847; and during the twenty years that have elapsed it has been repeatedly argued that the manuscripts he left behind should, with explanations as to the dates and other details more or less essential, be given to the world. It was well known that a vast quantity of his unpublished pieces, in almost every form, were in existence; and at a time when the rage for exploring the past—probably in some measure a result of the actual dearth of original productiveness—was at its height, when every scrap that could be rescued of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., was eagerly sought out and made the most of, it appeared to the many who class Mendelssohn among the shining lights of music that a similar enthusiasm in his regard would by no means be misplaced. It is true that Mendelssohn was particular to a fault about overlooking and remodelling his works, and that it was his habit to put aside even those in which he felt a just pride till some opportunity might occur of bestowing upon them the finishing touches. But premature death, in numberless instances, frustrated his design, and very much remained that, whatever he may have contemplated in the way of reconsideration, was clearly not intended by himself to be cast aside as worthless. His successors, however, were timid, and responded to the universal sympathy of musicians and amateurs by unaccountable procrastination. The task of examining and adjudging as to what should and what should not be printed was confided to four gentlemen, musical professors, with whom Mendelssohn had been on terms of intimacy, but who, taking into account the zeal they bestowed upon their task, can hardly at the present moment feel much gratification in having a wide publicity attached to their names. A few pieces were doled out, with dilatory slowness, as if apprehensions had been entertained as to the advisability of giving even them. Nevertheless, after twenty years, those who, like ourselves, persistently laid claim, on behalf of the world of music, to the whole of the relics without exception, may with reasonable complacency, point to the Italian Symphony, the overture to *Ruy Blas*, the *finale* from *Lorelei*, &c., which have attained a popularity equal to that enjoyed by any other of the composer's productions. At the same time it is tolerably certain that Mendelssohn intended to do something more with the symphony, and that he was not quite decided upon publishing the overture. He might even have thought of some alterations in the *finale;* but is that a reason, now that he is gone, that those who survive him should be altogether deprived of such treasures? We think not. The world loves to make acquaintance with the earliest sketches of what a great master and a great genius may subsequently have matured. Nor does this feeling spring in anyway from idle curiosity. The contemplation of such things is not only matter of delight, but brings with it a useful lesson. There is nothing more edifying than to follow the working of exceptional minds, to see how they have modelled and remodelled, what they have set down impromptu, corrected as assiduously, and ultimately left in a state of more or less completeness, in order to hasten to other tasks. Who is not charmed with the study now permitted—thanks to the research of such men as Otto Jahn and Alexander Thayer—of the beginnings alternately adopted and rejected for some of Beethoven's immortal masterpieces? It is, indeed, a satisfaction to be made aware that those wonderful works did not proceed spontaneously from their author's brain, but were the result of long thought and unremitting labor. What is claimed for Mendelssohn is no more than what in the case of his renowned predecessors is without difficulty recognized. He was the greatest musician to whom the nineteenth century has given birth, and on that account alone everything he produced must possess a deep and lasting interest.

After the lapse of years, when all idea of further additions to the small stock of posthumous publications had been laid aside, though the eye of the zealous amateur still dwelt eagerly upon the rich contents of the catalogue of *reliquiæ* furnished (however negligently) by Herr Julius Rietz, for the second volume of *Letters*, some new impulse seems to have arisen. Herr Carl Mendelssohn, reported to be engaged on a biography of his illustrious father, is now, we are advised, no less anxious to do justice to his memory in another direction. How far the persistent efforts of an enterprising musical firm may have helped to promote this welcome turn in affairs we are unable to guess; enough that very recently several pieces, about seeing which in print every hope had been abandoned, have been published, and among others the grand overture in C major ("The Trumpet Overture,") and an eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, or "Songs without Words." How the overture has been received at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society and the Crystal Palace it is superfluous to remind our musical readers. Like the overture to *Ruy Blas* it made its mark at once. The new "Songs without Words" were sung by Madame Arabella Goddard with such success at a recent Monday Popular Concert that they are to be played again at the next, as well as at the Crystal Palace Concert to-day. With respect to this particular book of *Lieder* we cannot refrain from adding that on the whole it is superior to the seventh book; and as the choice of numbers for the seventh book was entirely at the discretion of the four gentlemen already referred to, we are at a loss to account for the reasons that guided their decision.

But among all the pieces by Mendelssohn known to exist in manuscript not one was thought of so often and so much, yet not one was withheld so obstinately as the grand symphony in D, composed for the Festival of the Reformation in 1830. For some reason the symphony, notwithstanding Herr Rietz, who gives it as performed "in Berlin and London," has never been performed at all. Mendelssohn speaks of it frequently in his first volume of *Letters*, looking forward with delight to its production at the Paris Conservatoire. In Paris, however, he was doomed to disappointment, as at Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany. This time his enemy, and the enemy of the Reformation Symphony, was the cholera, no sooner than recovered from which he left Paris for London. Whatever he may have intended in further consideration of this work it is now difficult, if not impossible to ascertain, but how much interest he felt in it is shown in his own words. And when it is remembered that it was composed after the overture of the *Hebrides*, the *Walpurgis Night* (both subsequently remodelled,) and some of his very best works, it might surely be conjectured that the probability of its comprising too much that is excellent and too much that is individual to be consigned without regret to oblivion was at least very great. Till within a few months, however, and nearly forty years since it was written, there seemed no chance whatever of its coming to light. Nevertheless, the fortunate possessors of the "Trumpet Overture," the new book of *Lieder ohne Worte* (and we trust of other things) unexpectedly announced a short time since that the Reformation Symphony was in their hands, and would be published forthwith. That the spirited gentlemen who control the management of the Crystal Palace Concerts should be earliest in availing themselves of such a new chance of distinction was not surprising. The Reformation Symphony is to be the feature of this day's concert, (November 30th,) and we have only to add that it was rehearsed on Wednesday by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Herr Auguste Manns, leaving the strong impression upon those who had the privilege of hearing it that it is one of the noblest and most aspiring efforts of its

composer. A much more numerous audience will to-day pronounce their verdict; for certainly no true lover of music would willingly be absent on such an occasion as the first public performance of a grand orchestral symphony by Mendelssohn.—*London Musical World.*

HAND-ORGAN MANUFACTURE.

The only place in the United States where hand-organs—not "hurdy-gurdies"—are made, is at Mr. Taylor's establishment, on Chatham Square, this city. From his house hand-organs go all over the United States, to the West Indies, and South America. A hand-organ weighs from forty to sixty pounds, and costs from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. It is doubted if there are more than one thousand or fifteen hundred men, at most, in the whole of the United States, who depend upon street hand-organs for a living. Most of the people seen about the streets of our large cities, especially New York, with hand-organs, come from the mountainous districts of Italy, and are known as Sardinians. These men—many of them, at least—own a little land at home, which barely gives them a livelihood, without enabling them to pay the taxes. Hearing of America, and fearing the very frequent conscriptions in their own country, they come to the United States, unable to speak a word of English, but determined to do something to earn a living, unable to get employment, they take to the street organ. Most of them pay for the organ, cash down; some go to the manufactory and pay twenty-five per cent., and the rest as fast as they can earn it. With good care a street organ will last fifteen years, but if the man becomes dissipated, allowing himself to get drunk a few times, the organ soon goes to ruin. Such of those as have monkeys with their organs purchase the animal and train it themselves.

It is a mistake to suppose that the organ grinders are all employed by one grand head centre, who districts the city or country off, and allots one man for each district. There are said to be two or three wealthy organ grinders in this city who advance money to others, taking a mortgage upon the little landed property which they possess in Italy.

The average amount received a day by organ-grinders is not more than two dollars. Since the war, quite a number of one-armed soldiers have gone into the business, and there is a poor fellow in this city who has lost both arms, being obliged to turn the crank of the organ with his feet, who makes fifteen dollars a day. Some of these itinerant musicians travel long distances—a story is told of one who started from this city with a sixty pound organ on his back, and went to Chicago, and from thence back to Lake Champlain, then to Montreal, and back to Chicago again, through Canada. He froze his feet while in Canada, but had a pocket full of "stamps" when he reached Chicago.

The musicians who go about the streets with harps and violins are mostly Neapolitans. A few Frenchmen engage in the same business. Some of them are very slow to learn the English language. Taking a walk along the Battery every morning for a year or two, we were in the habit of meeting a Frenchman with a hand-organ. At last on the strength of what might be called a "Bowing acquaintance," we spoke to him one morning, whereat he held up both hands in astonishment. Surprised that he did not understand English, we addressed him in Latin, for he was an educated Frenchman, and could speak Latin and Italian. Asking him how long he had been in this country, he replied, "twenty-four years." "Twenty-four years, and not speak the English language?" said we. "Great heavens!" replied the Frenchman, his face putting on an expression of the most unfeigned astonishment, "How much of the English language can a man learn in twenty-four years?"

MUSIC FANCIES.

Goethe called architecture "frozen music." The expression was truer, perhaps, than he suspected. Dr. Hay, some years ago, broached a theory of harmony and form, in which there was a wonderful conjunction of mathematics and poetry, and the Parthenon was made out to be literally "frozen music," and its proportions discovered to have been regulated by relative proportions of the diatonic scale. The walls of Thebes rose and the towers built themselves up to the sound of the lyre of Orpheus. Pythagoras insisted that the universe was but a gigantic organ. "There's music in all things, if men had ears." The poets are never done with this image. They use it in a thousand ways, even to the description of a woman's face. "The mind—the music breathing from her face," wrote Byron of his Zuleika, and he thought it necessary to explain his meaning in a note. "I think," the poet interpreting himself says, "I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done, had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea, for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory—that mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflections multiplied." Moore, commenting on the same line, tells us that Lovelace wrote "the melody and music of her face," and old Sir Thomas Browne has it that "there is music even in beauty."

The best index to character may be found in music. Of course the man who has no music in his soul cannot be made out on this plan; but we have excellent authority in the words which follow the well-worn quotation that such a person has no character at all. Notice how great authors supply their book-creatures with invariably significant instruments. A strong boy has a fancy for a cornet; a shy lad will take to a fiddle. A boy has been known to deliberately select the triangle as his instrument, and after working it in the college band for years, brought it home to play upon in the bosom of his family at vacation. Dr. Johnson used to put his ear to the drone of a bag-pipe, and expressed great pleasure at the sound. This was a queer taste, but it is more curious that he should, with such a taste, have been able to say of music:—"That it was the only sensual pleasure without vice." Imagine the sensuality of the bag-pipes!

Bos.—"Pray, sir, did you ever play on any musical instrument?"

Johnson.—"No, sir. I once bought me a flageolet, but I never made out a tune."

The gentleman whose claim to be considered a German scholar rested upon the fact of his brother's acquaintance with the German concertina, appears to have had as clear a notion of the language as the lexicographer had of the "tune." It would seem as if he considered when he "bought him" the flageolet, he also purchased the airs that were hidden within it. When the "pilot of the literary whale" mentioned that *he* was subject to nervous disturbances on hearing music, and could weep at it, "Sir," said the whale, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

Music, we are told, can cure sickness. Vigneul de Marville relates a story of a gentleman of distinction suddenly seized by violent illness, and instead of a consultation of physicians, "he immediately called a band of musicians, and their band of violins played so well in his inside that his stomach became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours was harmoniously becalmed." Here is a hint. Suppose "I Puritani" could be substituted for a pill, not only to purge melancholy but measles; or "Il Ballo" given for a bolus?

Can music speak? We are afraid not—at least not distinctly. A clever essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, some time since, maintained that a tune of itself was colorless and vague. "There are no definitely-agreed-upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens or fields by a diminished seventh." We remember the unfortunate "cries of the wounded" in the "Battle of Prague," and shudder at representative pieces, and the strident clangor and drumming of war quadrilles at monster concerts. The famous "Songs without Words" seemed troubled with an effort to record vague and indefinite emotions in the terms of music, and the struggle possesses a sort of plaintive interest for us; it is as though a spirit desired to take shape and appear to us, and was only permitted to make itself heard. If music had a distinct character of its own, sacred and profane pieces would exhibit an intrinsic difference when played, but as a fact they do not. Many negro melodies are of church origin, and, strange to say, the once popular "Dandy Jim" is *not* a native of Carolina, but of Italy, where it has positively done service in High Mass. The organist who excused himself for playing light music at church by saying that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes, forgot that the tunes, like people, mix in strange company. "Don Giovanni" quavers libertinism in strains which suggest a Gothic cathedral. Music, however, no matter how reduced, retains some of the angel, and "Bones" occasionally raises his tenor with absurd words to certain intervals, which serve as an incantation to sentimental ideas very different from those contained in the stuff written for him.

LEIPSIC.—At the sixth Gewandhaus Concert there were performed two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor, by Schubert; "Trennung," Hector Berlioz (Mdlle. Magnus); Concerto for Violin, composed and executed by M. Dupuis from Liége; Suite in canon form for stringed band, by Grimm; Sonata for Violin, Tartini (M. Dupuis); Songs, Schubert and Mendelssohn; and overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini.

HALLE.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been given very efficiently, under the direction of Herr Hassler, the principal part being sung by Herr Sabbath.